

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."—First Corinthians: XIII, 1.

(The text for today is suggested by the Rev. Walter A. Morgan, pastor of the Mt. Pleasant Congregational Church)

## No World Peace Yet

THIS country has a monopoly of those who believe that the world has entered into a period of universal and eternal peace.

The League of Nations experts who have been working on land disarmament report no progress. A press report from Geneva says:

The League Secretariat feels that no blame can be attached for failure to bring about disarmament, emphasizing the point that the League simply is the instrument of its members, and, as members do not want to disarm, the League can do no more than continue its campaign for disarmament and await a change in the political situation.

Although the figures gathered by the Commission are being withheld until reported to the assembly, unconfirmed ESTIMATES RECENTLY REACHED THE LEAGUE THAT THERE ARE 1,000,000 MORE MEN UNDER ARMS IN EUROPE TODAY THAN JUST PREVIOUS TO THE WAR. THE FIGURE TAKES INTO ACCOUNT THE WIPING OUT OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

Only the United States has reduced its army, and we have reduced it to a shadow. France has 884,000 men (over one-third of them black men), Great Britain 564,000, Italy 300,000, Japan 300,000, Czechoslovakia 215,000, Rumania 190,000, Poland 500,000.

Every one of these military establishments is greater than our Congressmen plan for the United States.

Actions speak louder than words. The actions of the European imperialisms show that THEY know no peace can come out of the injustice, oppressions, dismemberments and indemnities of the treaties terminating the war. They know they are in the midst of a breathing space between wars, an indefinite armistice.

Is ours the safe way?

## A Genoa of Spiritual Forces.

THE REV. DR. JOWETT, at Westminster Chapel, London, made, a few days ago, an appeal for a world-wide conference of Christian peoples. What he wants is a sort of Genoa of spirituality. "I believe," he said, "that a vital fellowship of enthusiastic Christians of Europe and America could change the face of the world."

The churches should be great forces of spiritual energy and inspiration. They should transform present-day evils into good, not by economic programs or formulated solutions of world problems, but by inspiring men with finer ideals, infusing them with a vital dynamic spirituality, making human brotherhood a living fact, not an empty phrase, rising above the limitations of individual creeds into the freer air of the universal unity of belief of "peace-on earth, goodwill to men."

In this spirit, recognizing spirituality as a great force, infinitely greater than mere theology, Dr. Jowett's conference might perform wonders in breaking down race and class prejudices, in giving clear spiritual vision and helping to make this world appreciably better.

## Europe---Keep Hands Off!

SENATOR WATSON, one of the leading Administration spokesmen, recently warned the Senate against foreign propaganda designed to prevent the passage of a tariff bill protecting American industries.

In an interview in the New York American Albert Lasker, chairman of the United States Shipping Board, has called public attention to the sinister foreign forces—the interests which have done our ocean carrying in the past—now engaged in "using their instruments subtly among honest men" to beat the Ship Subsidy bill.

In other words, Great Britain, in her aspiration to supply our manufactures and to carry our goods, does not stop short of attempting to influence the processes of our Government on her own behalf.

The ship of state never drifts. It is always steered. Un-American hands now seek to grasp the wheel. The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Europe.

Our safety is that the peril is clearly seen. The President himself has taken the helm.

## The Minimum Wage For Beggars

TRADE associations seem to be spreading in Europe. The beggars of Constantinople have organized a trade union to fix a minimum rate for alms.

The currency of Turkey has been tobogganing down the slide of depreciation, and the beggars found that their patrons were taking advantage of this and were not increasing their gifts to make up for the decreasing value of the currency.

On the shady side of the Bayazin Mosque, therefore, the beggars called a meeting, and after several days' discussion, reached the unanimous decision that they would not accept less than 100 paras.

This seems a rather excessive demand till we realize that at the current rate of exchange it is only 1½ cents.

They are strongly organized, and if there should be public protest, it is likely that they will go on a strike. If they go on a strike, they will go to work; if they do not strike, they won't work. There is the awful dilemma.

The Turks are very funny when they are serious. It is a comic opera situation.

## The Pang of an After-Thought

IT is irritating to think of the clever things to say, the next morning. It is a form of intellectual remorse known as the after-thought.

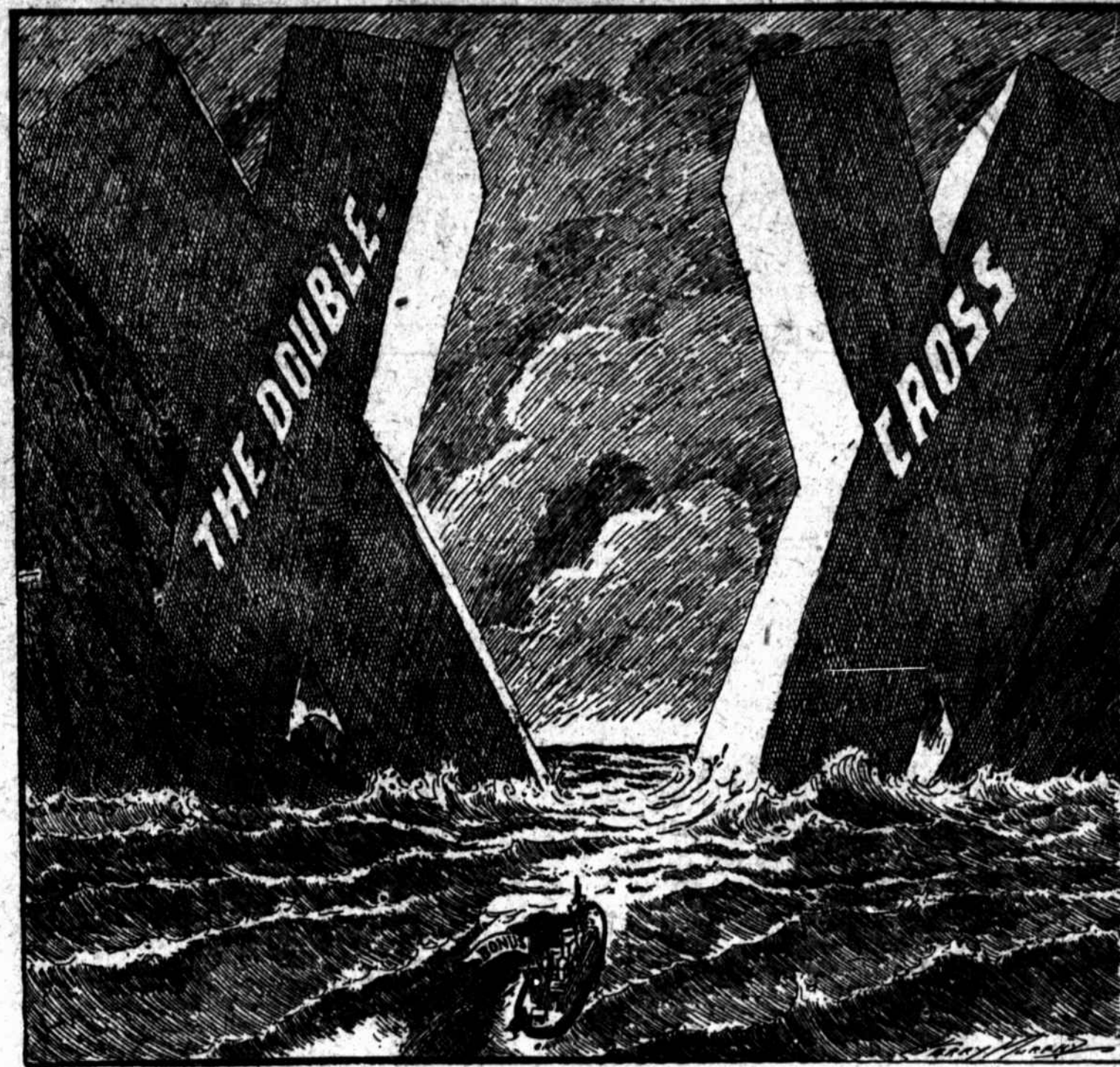
An after-thought is a beautiful possibility to fit a lost opportunity. It is like a night telegram—not delivered until the next day.

"Punch," of London, commenting on the fact that Miss Gloria Swanson, the American film star, had reached England on a certain Monday after a rough passage across the Atlantic, said: "We are pleased to say that there is no truth in the rumor that on her arrival she cabled to America a modification of the Latin quotation: 'Sick transit Gloria Monday.'"

What a reputation Miss Swanson would have made had she sent in these four words. A message, her signature and the date.

## CAN IT GET THROUGH?

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## THE DROOLING PASSION

By S. E. KISER.

LIFE seems dull this morning, dearie—No excitement anywhere; All the world looks drab and dreary, Fate is biased and unfair. Heigh-ho, hum! I feel unwilling Any longer to submit; Guess I'll do a little killing, Just to start things up a bit.

LET me see: Have you a lover Whom I should be shooting down—Anyone who likes to hover Near you when I'm out of town? Bring his letters, I command you; Let the ugly truth come out; And I'll get my gun and hand you Cause for being talked about.

THINGS are not right here; I know it; Come, you may as well confess; By your nervousness you show it—Tell me all, and nothing less! I will shoot him without warning, Letting nothing interfere, For I'm in the mood this morning To uphold our honor, dear.

THERE'S a law that is unwritten; It will shield me in my need; Stay, I wish to kiss you, Kitten—Righteously I'll then proceed! If I've strayed, if I've neglected Faithfully to play the game—Oh, well, that's to be expected; I must shoot him, just the same!

## Stars and Stripes

The three Federal civil prisons are located at Leavenworth, Kan.; Atlanta, Ga.; and McNeil Island, Wash.

"Queen of Roads"—regina viarum—was bestowed upon the Appian Way by the poet, Statius. This is the oldest and most celebrated of the Roman roads, having been begun by Appius Claudius Cæcilius in 312 B.C.

The expression, "there is nothing new under the sun," is found in the Bible, first chapter of Ecclesiastes, but it may have been used even before that time.

In large cities it is estimated that more than 90 per cent of the commercial business is done by checks and drafts, less than 10 per cent being done with cash.

## THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOOR.

All summer long my kitchen door stands open, and when I am working in here, I can see into the yard, under the beech tree where baby and old Shep play all day, and I can see the road and the lane that comes up to the barn.

The road bends down there and drops out of sight. There's a huge old willow tree on that corner and when a rig or a car or some one on foot comes in sight from the shadow of the willow, it always looks as though they were coming up from underground. I don't see why folks talk about the loneliness of the farm woman. Folks go by here all day long, and sometimes they stop. I see the school buses whiz by in the spring and fall, and I can see Granny Taylor in her clean old print dress and faded sunbonnet walk past every morning, going down to do Maude's housework for her.

Maude's been in bed three months now, and every day Granny Taylor walks the mile and a half between the two farms to clean Maude's house, and do a batch of cooking. Old Man Taylor has only one horse, and it's usually employed on their little farm. But Granny Taylor is strong and like and doesn't mind the walk. If Maude only had half the energy and purpose her mother has, she'd have been out of bed long ago, I think.

I'm always sorry when summer goes and I have to shut the kitchen door. It seems so unbecoming—Margaret W. Jackson in Farm Life.

## DAY OF UNREST

By "BUGS" BAER.

NEW YORK minister leaps into king row of progress by holding early morning prayer tournament for convicted golfers.

MOST citizens work nimbly all week. They like to utilize day of unrest for golfing business. Therefore, minister figured that he would move his Sunday morning service up one hour and operate on sermon saving time. Enables his congregation to get enough sleep in church to stay awake on links.

IT also starts caddies out right in life. Golfer slices his way into meeting house. Marches down fairway to front bunkers. Minister clears his Adam's apple and tees off.

SO many golf clubs are sticking out of pews that edifice looks like steel-tipped asparagus patch.

CHURCH golf is good idea. But when ushers check up golf contributions they figure that contribution nibble must have had eighteen holes in it.

NIBBLICK contains four suspender medallions, eight civil war citations and several souvenirs of Mexican campaigns. Minister informs golf gallery that this tournament isn't medal play, but golfers are stampeding up fairway on their weekly exodus to links.

THIS minister has correct diagrams. If there is anybody who should go to church it is golfer.

THEIR contributions may be voluntary, but their attendance must be made compulsory. If you can't get all of 'em in church, make half of 'em go. Links are overcrowded now.

GOLFERS pop out to links. They buzz away at medicated golf pills, call on heavens above and confagurations below to witness their shame, sorrow and woe, they blaspheme Congress, profane our memories of parlor lamps, curse dilatory credit systems, howl at established cannibal tribes and scoff at revenue agents.

THEY forget home, wife and country. Their national flag is tossed aside for eighteen red ones. Send 'em to church. And lock doors.

## SMILES

### ADVICE.

Medium:—Is there any question you would like to ask your first wife?" Sitter:—"Yes. I would like to have her tell my second wife where she bought those swell-looking hats for \$12."

They say prices are coming down, but a lot of dime novels still sell at \$2 each.

ADVICE TO STRAPHANGERS. That feet were made to walk upon. Of course, has long been known. But in a crowded subway car, Please walk upon your own.

Evangelist on Long Island tacked on a tree on a popular automobile road a sign reading: "Prepare to Meet Thy God."

The Highway Commissioner came along later and tacked up a sign reading: "Detour."

## Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

BACK OF the house.

A ROW of garages.

WHITE IN the sun.

LOOK IN on me.

AS I sit and work.

OR SIT and dream.

OR IDLY smoke.

OR WHATEVER I do.

AND EVERY day.

THE LITTLE kids.

TOO YOUNG for school.

COME THERE to play.

AND BACK of the place.

WHERE THE white row stands.

THERE is a fence.

AND A row of trees.

THAT MARK the rear.

OF THE homes that stand.

ON THE other street.

AND YESTERDAY.

AN ADVENTURER.

FROM AMONG the kids.

DISCOVERED A way.

OF CLIMBING the fence.

TO A branch of a tree.

AND FROM the branch.

TO THE slanting roof.

AND ONE of them.

NOT MORE than four.

GOT ON the roof.

AND COULDN'T get down.

AND BEGAN to cry.

AND I was called.

AND FOUND any way.

TO THE climbing place.

AND I'M getting fat.

AND SHORT of wind.

BUT FINALLY.

I CLIMBED the fence.

AND REACHED the branch.

AND PLANTED myself.

AND TOOK hold of the kid.

AND JUST at that moment.

HER MOTHER arrived.

AND WAS quite indignant.

AND UNPOLITE.

AND SAID: "Glimpses that girl."

AND WANTED to know.

IF I had no more sense.

THAN TO lift little kids.

TO A roof like that.

AND SHE grabbed her kid.

AND BEAT it home.

AND THERE I was.

OUT ON the limb.



I THANK you.

The great railroad building period was between 1880 and 1900, when 100,078 miles of new railroad were built. Many of these were not profitable, since traffic had to be built up, and an average of about 25 railroads were in the hands of the receivers during this period. From 1900 to 1910 was a period of great railroad prosperity and the number of roads in the hands of receivers annually averaged about 10. The increase in mileage between 1900 and 1910 was 47,083 miles. Beginning with 1910 the number of receiverships increased and between 1910 and 1918 averaged 13 annually, with about 15 foreclosures annually. The year of greatest new mileage was 1887, when 12,878 miles were constructed. In 1918 only 721 miles were built, which is the lowest new mileage since 1861.

## More Dead to Keep the Dead Company?

We May Throw Good Money After Bad, but NOT Good Living Bodies to Follow Dead Bodies, Except in the Best Possible Cause.

The New York Times prints this statement:

Though no compact has been made by America to stand by France in case of invasion, we have left an army of 23,000 men in cemeteries there, from Brest to St. Die. It is inconceivable that the people of the

United States would ever permit the garrisons of these white cross fortresses to remain unsupported in case of attack, or allow an invader to pass unchallenged over the sacred fields in which our soldier dead lie.

Could anything be more foolish?

Twenty-three thousand American men lie dead in France. We sent them there because we were persuaded that we had an interest in the fight.

The New York Times editorial writer imagines that this country is ready to send men indefinitely to share and get killed in any kind of war that may occur across the ocean.

Suppose France develops another attack of Napoleonic fever. Suppose her attitude forces an attack upon her. Suppose she and other European countries get into war for any reason whatever THAT DOESN'T CONCERN US.

Does the editorial writer of the New York Times think that young men of the United States will be taken from their homes and sent over there to get shot because we already have twenty-three thousand men lying dead in the ground over there?

Americans are not quite so foolish. If a war comes that interests THEM, a war for which THEY are responsible, a war that THREATENS them, then and then ONLY we may send more men across the ocean to be buried beside the twenty-three thousand already buried there.

This country is not the kind of a burnt child that puts its hand in the fire merely because it has been burned already, once or twice.

We shall judge each war as it comes, and reach our decision as it comes.

The fact that we have twenty-three thousand men, and a good many billions of dollars, safely buried in France is not sufficient reason to send more thousands to be buried, and more billions of money to be forgotten.

It is easy for an editor to be generous with the bodies of other men. He should speak for himself, not for any others.

The men, and fortunately now, also the WOMEN, of the United States will have something to say about the next war, and something to say about the number of American bodies to be buried in European ground.

## The Pink Slip

PEOPLE in Paris used to scramble for the tram-cars, tread on each other's toes, trample the weak and use elbows like hat-pins. In doing it they hated themselves and each other and the human race.

Each of them entered the car either with a sense of injury or a sense of guilt, according to their success in bucking the crowd.

The solution was found when a man suggested a pink trip slip with a number on it for each of the waiting would-be passengers.

If you were number one, you got on the car. If you were number twenty-three, you took the next car.

Friotion and irritation ceased. The fight was over. Organization had come.

Paris might have waited for a religious revival to change the hearts of men and stop shoving. It might have asked for a new system of government abolishing profits. It might have advocated aeroplanes as a substitute for tram-cars. Instead of these grandiose revolutionary measures, Paris took to the pink trip slip.

About half of our modern big-scale problems would disappear if we used the method of the pink trip slip and waited our turn.

In some of the fights between labor and capital, what are needed are some simple common-sense rules of the road.

When two teams on the highway are coming from opposite directions it is no use to tell them their aim and purpose are the same. A pious general reflection on their common interests and mutual obligations will not prevent a collision.

But a rule of the right-hand use of the road will let both get by.

Modern industry needs some plain administrative devices which will enable men to work side by side without rubbing the skin off.